

BLOOD OF THE LAMB

By Cory Barnett & Steve Metze

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NETHERWORLD - DAY

Black sky hovers over bare trees, muted colors. Muffled HOWLS speak of a coarse wind, but it's not here, just stillness over these bleak woods.

Far off VOICES whisper, almost inaudible.

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

A small, dilapidated train full of listless people rushes by. CREAKING and CLATTERING almost as faint as the wind.

The Voices grow louder and more distinct. Chanting.

INT. ATTIC - DUSK

Forty years of dust and boxes clutter the cramped space.

Lines of light filter through the attic window.

JEREMY JACOBS, a 26-year-old Mr. Fix It at the end of a very long day, peers through the gloom.

MRS. BUTLER (O.S.)
But it keeps me up all night!

JEREMY
I can't tell you how much that upsets me Mrs. Butler, but I don't see it.

MRS. BUTLER (O.S.)
It's a possum.

JEREMY
I believe you.

MRS. BUTLER (70's) pokes her head up through the trap door.

MRS. BUTLER
I'll bet it burrowed into the insulation. They always do that. Rodents. You know. I never thought about the possum's tail. It looks just like a rat's. You don't think I have rats do you.

JEREMY

You don't have rats. You don't even
have a possum. It's not up here.

She ducks down. Jeremy climbs towards the ladder.

MRS. BUTLER (O.S.)

Maybe you could help me clear all
that stuff out one of these days?

Halfway down the ladder, Jeremy sees the possum shuffling
quietly in a corner.

Jeremy glances down the steps to freedom, then back at the
possum.

EXT. BUTLER BACK YARD - DUSK

Jeremy releases the possum from an old box and nudges it
toward a creek bed behind the house.

In the background, Mrs. Butler watches him from her porch,
waving her cane.

MRS. BUTLER

Just hit it real good and finish
the filthy thing off!

Jeremy shakes his head.

JEREMY

(to the possum)
Run before she pokes you with her
cane.

The possum scampers to freedom.

EXT. BUTLER FRONT YARD - DUSK

Jeremy pushes a beat-up lawn mower onto the sidewalk. Mrs.
Butler follows him.

MRS. BUTLER

Amy's coming over for dinner, if
you want to stay.

Jeremy stops.

JEREMY

This isn't another set up is it?

Mrs. Butler jostles with her hearing aid.

MRS. BUTLER
Sorry, don't hear as good as I used
to.

Jeremy laughs as he pushes the mower down the sidewalk away
from her.

JEREMY
Good night, Mrs. Butler.

MRS. BUTLER
I'm making meatloaf!

JEREMY
No, thanks.

Jeremy rounds the corner out of sight.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - DUSK

The neighborhood is old, decayed, past its prime.

Jeremy's cell phone beeps. He checks the message, rolls his
eyes, and smiles.

JEREMY
(yelling)
Mr. Elliott? I'm out here!

MR. ELLIOTT, a sweet elderly man, rushes out onto his porch
in a full suit and cowboy boots. He yells to Jeremy.

MR. ELLIOTT
Jeremy? When are you going to fix
my computer?

Jeremy slows a bit, but keeps going.

JEREMY
What's wrong with it now?

MR. ELLIOTT
Well, I installed this program I
downloaded off the internet...

JEREMY
There's your problem. The words "I"
and "installed" both came out of
your mouth at the same time.

Mr. Elliott grins good-humoredly.

MR. ELLIOTT
I can install my size-twelve boot
in your little...

Jeremy laughs, holds up his hands.

JEREMY
Okay, okay! I'll try to get to it
sometime tomorrow.

Mr. Elliott seems happy with this answer. Jeremy heads off.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
(teasing)
But computers cost extra...

EXT. JEREMY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DUSK

Jeremy opens the door and lets the mower continue until it barely bumps against the far wall... an obviously practiced maneuver.

Next to it sits a blue rolling ice chest. Jeremy panics for a second before grabbing the handle and yanking it out of the garage.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NETHERWORLD - DAY

From the train, a passenger's POV drifts through a decaying cemetery. Distorted colors.

A grayish-green MAN in a rotting circa-1890 suit and top hat stands on one of the headstones and smiles as the POV drifts by.

The rhythmic, stylized chanting includes a repeated name:

"Alhread."

INT. TRAIN - NETHERWORLD - DAY

A gauzy FIGURE watches the world pass by. The figure's substance seems to solidify bit by bit as it regresses in age: A woman, ALHREAD, in her sixties, fifties, forties, thirties, twenties, teens, childhood, and finally an infant.

The infant's eyes bulge black as she turns her head forward to the blinding light.

The chanting abruptly stops.

DON (O.S.)
It's a girl!

EXT. HARTMAN BACKYARD - DUSK

The world appears normal. It's the twilight hour in affluent suburbia.

DON HARTMAN, a man reveling in his mid-life crisis, steps into a backyard party.

A stiff crowd of older GUESTS fidgets as they wait for him. A few of them hang back.

Don holds up a swaddled Bundle of Joy.

The Guests seem relieved. A few nervous titters escape as they pass the Bundle around.

ACROSS THE YARD

Jeremy drags the cooler in through the back gate.

BACK AT THE PARTY

The Guests now pass around champagne glasses.

DON

Lucy! She has your eyes...

By the Guests' reaction, clearly this is a joke, although, how it is funny remains a mystery.

Jeremy walks up, confused and obviously out of place. He strains to make eye contact with LUCY HARTMAN, beautiful in her fifties.

She looks up, distracted, and waves him off to the side.

LUCY

Jeremy, honey...

JEREMY

I'm sorry I'm late, Mrs. Hartman.

LUCY

Don't worry about it. No harm done.

She tucks his tag back into his collar.

JEREMY

I completely forgot, and then it took forever to get out of Mrs. Butler's attic.

Lucy tries to stand in Jeremy's way so he can't see what's happening at the party.

Jeremy looks around her.

JEREMY

Did Mrs. Sanders make it?

LUCY

No, no, we didn't invite her.

Lucy stares at him uncomfortably a moment.

LUCY

These are Don's friends from the club.

JEREMY

Is something wrong?

Lucy smiles reassuringly and shakes her head "no." Jeremy notices Don and waves.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Don waves back.

Lucy pushes his hair out of his eyes.

Don saddles up next to the two.

DON

Jeremy! I didn't know you were coming.

LUCY

He was just leaving.

DON

Nonsense. He's into this sort of stuff, right? Come on, boy.

Lucy hesitates and grasps at Jeremy's sleeve.

LUCY

Why don't we tell you all about it over breakfast tomorrow?

Don wraps his arm around Jeremy's shoulder.

DON

Did you ever meet Horace?

LUCY

Don, it's not appropriate.

Lucy watches as Don guides Jeremy deeper into the party as the sky darkens.

Candles light the entire backyard. Don keeps his arm draped around Jeremy.

Three hooded figures, cloaked in burgundy, catch Don's attention from inside the house.

DON

Excuse me for a second.

Don goes inside.

Jeremy looks over to the people huddled around the baby bundle and edges toward them, even as some try to block his view with their bodies.

He gets close enough to the Bundle to really see it.

A lamb stares back at him. Eyes black, scared and confused.

Jeremy makes two quick clicks with his tongue, followed by a low moan and another click.

JEREMY

Aditi.

Jeremy collapses to the ground unconscious.

The Lamb bucks, stretching and distending from the stomach.

A BLACK FINGER emerges.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Don enters the posh interior and speaks to three shadowy figures -- NORTH (male), SOUTH (female), and WEST (male), all in their late 20's.

They remove their robes. Their faces remain hidden from view.

North bandages his hand, which bears a distinctive stylized Ankh tattoo. South slides a jacket over an identical Ankh tattoo on her forearm. West blows out a group of candles decorated with strange symbols.

DON
(looks around)
Where's your friend? Uh, East is
it?

NORTH
Left early. Night job.

DON
Well... let me get your money,
then.

Badly masking nervousness, Don takes out a strongbox, opens it, and starts counting out a large sum of cash.

EXT. BACKYARD - DUSK

The Guests continue to stare at the lamb.

GUEST #1
It won't calm down.

Another Guest turns to Lucy with a panicked expression.

GUEST #2
What did he do?

Lucy tries to help Jeremy, who still lies unconscious.

INT. HARTMAN'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Don counts out the last pile of money onto the table and then looks up, smiling.

DON
That's a lot of money, even split
four ways.

SOUTH
It's worth it, trust me.

South hands Don a large syringe and rubber tubing.

A scream erupts from the backyard. Don rushes to look out the window. Horrified, his face goes pale.

DON
(quietly)
Oh, God.

SOMEONE crashes through the window and past Don, who is too shocked to duck. Fortunately, it misses him. The screams continue.

Don strains to pull his eyes from what he sees out the window.

DON (CONT'D)
You have to... You...

As the SCREAMS abruptly cease, he looks like he might cry. Don notices that the shadowy figures are gone.

DON (CONT'D)
Hello?

FROM BEHIND DON

SOMETHING lands with a crunch.

Rather than turning to see what it is, Don simply sits down, horrified and shaking, as it moves toward him.

EXT. HARTMAN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jeremy twitches, struggling to open his eyes.

Sirens wail in the distance, growing louder.

Jeremy barely shakes off his concussion as he takes in the scene in horror.

INT. CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

A cell phone vibrates, shifting along the dashboard. An unseen FIGURE pours whiskey into a mug of coffee.

An ambulance roars past the car. The Figure drains the mug, grabs the pager, and starts the car.

RAMSEY LUBICH, (50's) a police detective in a well-kept cheap suit, throws the car into gear.

MOVING

He whips around the corner to see a fleet of police cars outside the Hartman's house.

EXT. HARTMAN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lubich pushes his way through the gate towards the CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS. He moves deliberately in the direction of SAMUEL CARRINGTON, the lead detective, who studies digital camera images.

Shaken, Jeremy leans against a fence in the background talking to the ambulance attendants while they run him through a series of tests.

He stares at the carnage around him, nearly paralyzed by terror and grief.

CARRINGTON

Oh, we only had to call you for an hour this time.

LUBICH

Whatever. How many bodies?

CARRINGTON

Subtle. None.

Lubich looks around the yard, noticing a uniformed officer losing his lunch near the fence.

LUBICH

Nobody's dead, really?

CARRINGTON

Just eight who wish they were.

Lubich's eyes dart to the digital camera, unable to glimpse the snapshots Carrington sees.

LUBICH

What does that mean, exactly?

CARRINGTON

Broken bones, internal bleeding, one spine snapped... Not enough to kill anybody.

LUBICH

That's rare.

CARRINGTON

Or deliberate.

Lubich finally moves around to look over Carrington's shoulder at the camera images: bodies, blood, destruction.

LUBICH

Do we have a suspect or a motive?

CARRINGTON

The victims couldn't say much, and none of the neighbors saw anything.